

Let her alone, speake not of *Helena*,  
Take not her part. For if thou dost intend  
Neuer so little shew of loue to her,  
Thou shalt abide it.

*Lys.* Now she holds me not,  
Now follow if thou dar'st, to try whose right,  
Of thine or mine is most in *Helena*.

*Dem.* Follow? Nay, Ile goe with thee cheeke by  
iowle.

*Exit Lysander and Demetrius.*

*Her.* You Mistis, all this coyle is long of you.  
Nay, goe not backe.

*Hel.* I will not trust you I,  
Nor longer stay in your curst companie.  
Your hands then mine, are quicker for a fray,  
My legs are longer though to runne away.

*Enter Oberon and Pucke.*

*Ob.* This is thy negligence, still thou mistak'st,  
Or else commit'st thy knaueries willingly.

*Puck.* Beleeue me, King of shadows, I mistooke,  
Did not you tell me, I should know the man,  
By the *Athenian* garments he hath on?  
And so farre blamelesse proues my enterpize,  
That I haue nointed an *Athenians* cyes,  
And so farre am I glad, it so did sort,  
As this their iangling I esteeme a sport.

*Ob.* Thou see'st these Lovers seeke a place to fight,  
Hie therefore *Robin*, ouercast the night,  
The startie Welkin couer thou anon,  
With drooping fogge as blacke as *Acheron*,  
And lead these testie Riuals so astray,  
As one come not within anothers way.

Like to *Lysander*, sometime frame thy tongue,  
Then stirre *Demetrius* vp with bitter wrong;  
And sometime raile thou like *Demetrius*,  
And from each other looke thou leade them thus,  
Till ore their browes, death-counterfeiting, sleepe  
With leaden legs, and Battie-wings doth creepe;

Then crush this hearbe into *Lysanders* eie,  
Whose liquor hath this vertuous propertie,  
To take from thence all error, with his might,  
And make his eie-balls role with wonted light.

When they next wake, all this derision  
Shall seeme a dreame, and fruitlesse vision,  
And backe to *Athens* shall the Lovers wend  
With league, whose date till death shall neuer end.  
Whiles I in this affaire do thee imply,  
Ile to my Queene, and beg her *Indian Boy*;

And then I will her charmed eie release  
From monsters view, and all things shall be peace.  
*Puck.* My Fairie Lord, this must be done with haste,  
For night-swift Dragons cut the Clouds full fast,  
And yonder shines *Aurora* as harbinge;

At whose approach Ghosts wandring here and there,  
Troope home to Church-yards; damned spirits all,  
That in crossle-waies and flouds haue buriall,  
Alreadie to their wormie beds are gone;

For feare least day should looke their shames ypon,  
They wilfully themselves exile from light;  
And must for aye comfort with blacke browd night.

*Ob.* But we are spirits of another sort:  
I, with the mornings loue haue oft made sport,  
And like a Roysterer, the groues may tread,  
Euen till the Easterne gate all fierier red;

Opening on *Neptune*, with faire, blessed beames,  
Turnes into yellow gold, his salt Greene streamers.

But notwithstanding haste, make no delay:  
We may effect this businesse, yet ere day.

*Puck.* Vp and downe, vp and downe, I will leade  
them vp and downe: I am fear'd in field and towne.  
*Goblin*, lead them vp and downe: here comes one.

*Enter Lysander.*

*Lys.* Where art thou, proud *Demetrius*?  
Speake thou now.

*Rob.* Here villaine, drawne & readie, Where art thou?

*Lys.* I will be with thee straight.

*Rob.* Follow me then to plainer ground.

*Enter Demetrius.*

*Dem.* *Lysander*, speake againe;  
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?  
Speake in some bush: Where dost thou hide thy head?

*Rob.* Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,  
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,  
And wilt not come? Come recreant, come thou childe,  
Ile whip thee with a rod. He is deild  
That drawes a sword on thee.

*Dem.* Yea, art thou there?

*Ro.* Follow my voice, we'll try no manhood here.

*Lys.* He goes before me, and still dares me on,  
When I come where he calls, then he's gone.  
The villaine is much lighter heel'd then I:  
I followed fast, but faster he did flye;  
That fallen am I in darke vneuen way,  
And here will rest me. Come thou gentle day:  
For if but once thou shew me thy gray light,  
Ile finde *Demetrius*, and reuenge this spight.

*Enter Robin and Demetrius.*

*Rob.* Ho, ho, ho; coward, why com'st thou not?

*Dem.* Abide me, if thou dar'st. For well I wot,  
Thou runst before me, shifting euery place,  
And dar'st not stand, nor looke me in the face.

Where art thou?

*Rob.* Come hither, I am here.

*Dem.* Nay then thou mock'st me; thou shalt buy this  
deere,

If euer I thy face by day-light see.  
Now goe thy way: faintnesse constraineth me,  
To measure out my length on this cold bed,  
By daies approach looke to be visited.

*Enter Helena.*

*Hel.* O weary night, O long and tedious night,  
Abate thy hours, shine comforts from the East,  
That I may backe to *Athens* by day-light,  
From these that my poore companie detest;  
And sleepe that sometime shuts vp sorrowes eie,  
Steale me a while from mine owne companie.

*Rob.* Yet but three? Come one more,

Two of both kinde makes vp foure.  
Here she comes, curst and sad,  
*Cupid* is a knauish lad,

*Enter Helena.*

Thus to make poore females mad.

*Her.* Neuer so wearie, neuer so in woe,  
Bedabbled with the dew, and torne with briars,  
I can no further cawle, no further goe;  
My legs can keepe no pace with my desires.

Here will I rest me till the breake of day,  
Heauens shield *Lysander*, if they meane a fray;  
*Rob.* On the ground sleepe sound,

Ile apply your eie gentle loue, remedy;  
When thou wak'st, thou take'st  
True delight in the sight of thy former Ladies eie.

And the Country Prouerb knowne,  
That euery man should take his owne,  
In your waking shall be shewne.  
Icke shall haue *Lys*, nought shall goe ill,  
The man shall haue his Mare againe, and all shall bee  
well.

### Actus Quartus.

*Enter Queene of Fairies, and Clowne, and Fairies, and the  
King behinds them.*

*Tita.* Come, sit thee downe vpon this flowry bed,  
While I thy amiable cheekes doe coy,  
And sticke muske roles in thy sleeke smoothe head,  
And kisse thy faire large eares, my gentle ioy.

*Clow.* Where's *Pease-blossome*?

*Pease.* Ready.

*Clow.* scratch my head, *Pease-blossome*. Wher's *Moun-*  
*seuer Cobweb*.

*Cob.* Ready.

*Clowne.* *Mounseuer Cobweb*, good Mounseuer get your  
weapons in your hand, & kill me a red hipt humble-bee,  
on the top of a thistle; and good Mounseuer bring mee  
the hony bag. Doe not fret your selfe too much in the  
action, Mounseuer; and good Mounseuer haue a care the  
hony bag breake not, I would be loth to haue yon ouer-  
flowne with a hony-bag signiour. Wher's Mounseuer  
*Mustardseed*?

*Musf.* Ready.

*Clow.* Give me your neafe, Mounseuer *Mustardseed*,  
Pray you leaue your courtesie good Mounseuer.

*Musf.* What's your will?

*Clow.* Nothing good Mounseuer, but to help *Cavalery*  
*Cobweb* to scratch. I must to the Barbers Mounseuer, for  
me-thinks I am maruellous hairy about the face. And I  
am such a tender asse, if my haire do but tickle me, I must  
scratch.

*Tita.* What wilt thou heare some musicke, my sweet  
loue.

*Clow.* I haue a reasonable good care in musicke. Let  
vs haue the tongs and the bones.

*Musicke Tongs, Rurall Musicke.*

*Tita.* Or say sweete Loue, what thou desirest to eat.  
*Clowne.* Truly a pecke of Prouender; I could munch  
your good dry Oates. Me-thinks I haue a great desire  
to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweete hay hath no fel-  
low.

*Tita.* I haue a venturous Fairy,  
That shall seeke the Squirrels hoard,  
And fetch thee new Nuts.

*Clowne.* I had rather haue a handfull or two of dried  
pease. But I pray you let none of your people stirre me, I  
haue an exposition of sleepe come vpon me.

*Tita.* Sleepe thou, and I will winde thee in my arms,  
Fairies be gone, and be alwaies away.

So doth the woodbine, the sweet Honifuckle,  
Gently entwist; the female Iuy so  
Entrings the barky fingers of the Elme.

O how I loue thee! how

*Enter Robin.*

*Ob.* Welcome good

See'st thou this sweet sig

Her dorage now I doe

For meeting her of late

Seeking sweet fauors for

I did vpbraide her, and fa

For she his hairy temple

With coronet of fresh a

And that same dew whic

Was wont to swell like

Stood now within the p

Like teares that did the i

When I had at my pleas

And she in milde termes

I then did aske of her, h

Which straight she gaue

To beare him to my Bow

And now I haue the Boy,

This hatefull imperfect

And gentle *Pucke*, take th

From off the head of thi

That he awaking when t

May all to *Athens* backe

And thinke no more of t

But as the fierce vexation

But first I will release the

*Be thou as thou wast*

*See as thou wast wont*

*Dians bud, or Cupid*

*Hath such force ana*

Now my *Titania* wake yo

*Tita.* My Oberon, wha

Me-thought I was ename

*Ob.* There lies your lo

*Tita.* How came these

Oh, how mine eyes doth

*Ob.* Silence a while, R

*Titania*, musick call, and i

Then common sleepe; of

*Tita.* Musicke, he mu

*Rob.* When thou wak

peepe.

*Ob.* Sound musick; con

And rocke the ground w

Now thou and I are new

And will to morrow mid

Dance in Duke *Thebes* h

And blesse it to all faire p

There shall the paires of f

Wedded with *Thebes*, all

*Rob.* Faire King atten

I doe heare the morning

*Ob.* Then my Quee

Trip we after the nights

We the Globe can compa

Swifter then the wandring

*Tita.* Come my Lord,

Tell me how it came this

That I sleepe heere was